

any compensation for the demands of Douglas and other members of the Illinois delegation upon the Executive patronage! As if he had said that however warmly he might be attached to his

connections, he was still more warmly interested in his seat in the Senate. He loved not papa law but the party more! Now, although this may re-

lieve Mr. Douglas from the imputation of undue
Socicism (or father-in-law-ism), we cannot, on the
 whole, regard it as an amiable proceeding, or as
 one likely to promote the family peace. We think
 that it shows rather too selfish a desire to turn the
 pickings of victory to a good personal account.
 Why did not Mr. Douglas permit Mr. Catta to be
 promoted without putting in this protest? Why
 not swap a Post-Office or two at home for the sake
 of a family honor in Washington, particularly
 when such respectable people are seeking or ob-
 taining the same kind Post-Office?

Mr. Douglass's reply is embellished. HE ANSWERS

in a light and cheerful way, and not at all as he wrote the Connecticut remonstrance. He begged Mr. Douglas not to be at all concerned. If Mr. Cutts should be appointed—and he probably would be—it would be as plain Mr. Cutts, and not at all Mr. Douglas's father-in-law. He might rest assured that the patronage would not be charged at all to the account of the Illinois Democracy.

—There may have been such correspondence as this in the earlier and better days of the Republic. But then the scandal was less for it seldom

The article called "Money" has been spoken by the poets, prophets and philosophers of the world in the most scurvy and disreputable terms. It has usually been denounced as "the root of all evil," "vile dross," and "filthy lucre." Most readers of taste will remember to-day with a smile (especially if they have a dozen dollars suspended paper in purse) the fine lines of D. Leyden "To an Indian Gold Coin," beginning:

"Slave of the dark and dirty note!"

Yet most of us would not object to a few pounds of the "dross." The truth is, the philosophers

and poets are just now (where gilt-edged paper
not) at a discount. It is curious how, when
castles have toppled over, and are nothing but a
mingled heap of pasteboard—king, queen, knave—
all the court-cards sadly mixed up with the democ-
racy of the pack—we grow suddenly in love with
what before had only a place in our contempt. One
year ago, with what complacent readiness all of
us would have admitted (with our hands upon our
pockets) that riches take unto themselves wing
and fly away, and that thieves have a bad habit of
breaking through with larcenous intentions; yea,
that, after all, such being the will of Providence
we must make the best of it.

But now, that the golden eagles have flown into some quite inaccessible empyrean, there to be duly melted—now that the thieves *have broken in and have stolen*—how terrible our discomfiture. The Jobs of Wall street are as rare as black swans. All is madness, fright, dismay, discomfiture. Where is our philosophy? Where is our religion? Where is our ordinary presence of mind, which most brave men exhibit even under the suddenest and saddest reverses and exigencies? Gone—gone—all gone! We confess that this is to us one of the most alarming portents of the times. On night almost think that the high and rare example of Capt. Herndon had been vouchsafed to us by the

Let us be understood. We have already said that when the ship is sinking it is of small avail to pipe all hands on deck to give three cheers. But neither would it be the highest salutary policy to stave open the spirit-room and lapse into a bacchanalian dementia. Because our Rome of brown-stone houses is burning, we do not recommend any mistimed violin-playing. But, if we are to preserve anything from the ruins, we must try to be a little calm, and not to throw the pie-glasses and articles of *bijouterie* out of the window to save them.

We know how hard it must now be for any excellent man to preserve their equanimity

their honor be it said, their commercial credit, maintained for a series of years, through many sacrifices and in spite of much misadventure, has been equal to them than all the pomps, shows, luxuries and indulgences which wealth could purchase. The great pain of the present pressure has been that it has fallen so hardly upon established reputations. In the ruin of private credit, not more than three months ago commanding the respect of all, we forget the two-penny losses of the speculator and the reverses of the usurer. A long-established house, sustained for half a century without corporate aid, and solely by the veracity and integrity and skill of its members, becomes an institution

and is so regarded from generation to generation. When such establishments are, though only temporarily, insolvent—when the sad announcement is paraded in the newspapers and passed over the wires to the uttermost corner of the country—when heads grown gray in honorable toil are bowed in mortification and sorrow—who will withhold his sympathy? Who will come to flout misty maxims and to fling stale proverbs at the unfortunate? The lesson of a revolution like that through which we are now passing is a lesson for all men in all stations of life, and alike for the rich and the poor—a lesson of kindly forbearance and of mutual trust. It will be positive

let us hope, in these dark days, in homes the splendor of which has been suddenly clouded, and in

Let us hope, in these dark days, in homes the splendor of which has been suddenly clouded, and in dwellings which, in the best of times, have hardly dared to boast a sumptuousness.

And yet, hard as must be a bankruptcy following years of unimpeached credit, we believe that to many will come, if they will but entertain it, the consolation of having ever acted generously and justly. To look now, with ruin all around, upon a career on which there is no stain—to know that increased resources have but multiplied acts of generosity and benevolence—to feel that much has been expended which will remain nevertheless, "a possession forever"—surely ought to afford a satisfaction in itself.

consolation in the depth of his reverses to every honest and high-minded man. To have regarded wealth, while in the active pursuit of it, not as an end but a means—to have sought fortune, because fortune would bring with it the power to increase the knowledge, to ameliorate the condition, and to relieve the misfortunes of mankind—will surely be a source of consolation, although the charitable hard is for a time stayed, and although future liberal projects must be indefinitely postponed.

Far different to-day must be the reflection, and weak indeed the mental and moral support of those Epicure Mammoths, who have striven madly for money, merely because money brought the means of luxury and self-indulgence—who have, in devious ways and illegitimate schemes, sought "the Stone"—who have voyaged intent upon reaching "Ophir" in ten months, when Solomon was three years "sailing to it." "The towering bravery" of their conceivably has met with a tumble. Egypt will go